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THE WONDERFUL SPRING

CRAIG

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THE WONDERFUL SPRING

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY
ELLEN F. CRAIG

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DEDICATORY.

To my children whose love has sustained me in my passage through "the wilderness of this world," this little book is affectionately inscribed by their mother,

—*THE AUTHOR.*

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The Wonderful Spring.

(The Webster Salt Sulphur.)

"He sendeth His springs into the valleys which run among the hills,
—*Psalms 104: 10.*

HAVE you heard of the wonderful Addison
Spring,
On the bank of the Elk where the
sycamores cling,
Where the story of ages is borne on the
breeze,
That sighs through the boughs of the
sycamore trees?
Here the words of the Psalmist the
grateful heart sings—
"Into vales among hills he sendeth
his springs."

In this beautiful vale with sweet flowers abloom,
Where the sunlight of Eden disperses the gloom,
Where murmuring waves in soft lullabies fall,
And mountains majestic tower high over all,
Amid scenes of enchantment you bubble and sing,
Thou gem of the mountains, fair Addison Spring.

The stag and the bison came oft to thy
tide,
And the tender-eyed doe with her fawn
at her side,
And the panther's shrill scream, and
the trample of herds,
Mingled oft with the cry and the carol
of birds,
And each sunset the warrior and
maiden would bring,
To murmur of love by the murmuring
spring,

But the brave and the maid from this
beauteous shore,
Have departed long since, to return
nevermore,
And the flag of the pale-face triumph-
antly waves
Where the wigwam gave place to the
Indian graves,
And the wails of the maiden in the
breezes still ring,
As when she last gazed on her loved
mountain spring.

I have stood by thy side in the dawn-light's first
gleam;
I have strayed there at eve by fair Luna's pale beam;
In the deep hush of night, in the silence profound,
Awe-stricken have paused as if holy the ground,
And heard in the stillness the soft rythmical wing
Of the angel that hovers o'er Addison Spring.

L. of C.

Compounded by nature's great alchemist, God,
In deep hidden caverns by mortal ne'er trod,
At the mandate of Heaven thy waters gush forth,
Bringing healing and cheer to the children of earth;
And the sweet bird of hope again foldeth her wing,
In the heart of the dweller by Addison Spring.

To the sick and the lame has thy mes-
sage gone forth,
And they hasten to thee from the ends
of the earth;
And the rose comes again to the cheek
that has paled,
And vigor to limbs that have faltered
and failed;
And voices recovered now joyfully sing
The praise of thy virtues, O wonderful
spring!

When we have passed on, and with glad hearts aquiver,
Clasped hands on the shore of life's beautiful river,
Generations to come shall continue the song
And bequeath it to others still further along,
Until they who rejoice in the Day of the King
Shall sing of this wonderful, wonderful spring.

Illustrated by
DAINTY E. CRAIG.

Be Sure Your Sin Will Find You Out.

(*Numbers 32:23.*)

Though we bury our thoughts as deep as the sea,
And guard our words with care,
Though we hide our deeds, like evil weeds,
Under roses and lilies fair,
Though we robe the false in the garb of truth
And silence every doubt,
We are fools for our pains, for as sure as God reigns,
Our sins will find us out.

Should we say to our souls, "Eat, drink and be gay,
Thou hast goods to last thee long."
Betray a trust, let a talent rust,
Or defend not the weak from wrong,
In vain we may kneel with saintly face
And word and tone devout,
For the spirit we grieve we cannot deceive,
And our sins will find us out.

We can rarely conceal from human ken,
The sins we blush to own,
Then how can we bear, the searching glare,
That proceeds from the great white throne,
We must stand unmasked in the presence of God,
Of this there can be no doubt.
For His word is sure, and must aye endure
And our sins must find us out.

Should we pass unabsolved from the life that is,
To the life that is to come
We shall stand in the blaze of the Ancient of Days.
Terror-stricken and helpless and dumb.
We shall feel the folds of His awful frown
Encompass our souls about,
And hear the cry from the life gone by,
"Thy sins have found thee out."

The Fall.

No trace was there of pain nor sin,
For no such thing had ever been,
In that bright land where Adam pressed
A new made earth in beauty dressed,
And walked its ways in manly pride,
Our fair first mother at his side.

No prescience there of gathering gloom
Portentous of the coming doom.
To sleep was one long golden dream,
To wake was happiness supreme,
They seemed from every ill secure
For earth and man alike were pure.
No sense of danger chilled the air
No thorn nor thistle flourished there,
(Alas! full soon were sown the seeds
That filled our lovely earth with weeds.)

No dread of what a day might bring,
No sorrow for a waning spring,
No wolf in lambkin clothing hid,
No echoing clod on coffin lid,
No trust misplaced, no wish denied,
No "creeping down the shady side."
No word nor deed they would recall,
No "trail of serpent over all,"
For these, alas! are baneful weeds
That sprang in Eden from hell-sown seeds.

The tempter came, a fiend of night,
"Transformed to angel of the light,"
With wily tongue and cruel lie
He said, "Ye shall not surely die,

God knows the fruit will make ye wise,
A rival here in Paradise."
Evil and good they could not tell,
And so they ate, and eating fell,
Thus in their lives were sown the seeds.
That filled all later lives with weeds.

We "know the right, approve it too."
We "know the wrong, yet wrong pursue."
And while our weakness we bewail,
Repeat again the oft told tale,
We feel the retribution near
The "still, small voice" is in our ear,
"Turn, sinner, turn, why will ye die?
'Tis God, your Savior, asks you why,"
And still we, reckless, sow the seed
That filled old Eden full of weeds.

Common Sense.

Could I bespeak for each dear one
The choicest gift beneath the sun,
I should not ask for human praise
For talents rare, nor length of days,
Nor lofty birth, nor high estate,
Nor anything that men call great.

The boon I'd ask kings cannot buy,
Nor warmest love of friends supply,
Nor all the gems Golconda yields,
Nor output of Alaskan fields.

In college halls it is not taught,
By king or prince 'tis seldom sought,
It dwelleth not in sword nor pen,
Its home is in the minds of men.

It makes life's spring-time pure and gay,
It cheers its winter, cold and gray,
Esteems far more than fame or gold,
The heart and tongue by truth controlled.

It makes us strong to do and dare,
What can't be helped it helps us bear.
It bids us walk in wisdom's way,
And flee the coming wrath to-day,
And heeds Charles Kingsley's warning strain
"We shall not pass this way again."

And now, *mon ami*, have you guessed
What 'tis I would that all possessed?
That trusty guide, misleading none,
That choicest gift beneath the sun,
That "Maiden fair without pretense,"
Is pure and simple Common sense.

A True Story in Rhyme.

I found her there,
In her old arm-chair,
Alone at her cottage door,
And I sat at her feet,
In the day's retreat
As I often had before.

A sense of peace
And of sweet release,
Pervaded the tranquil air,
Like a babe at rest,
On its mother's breast
No harm could reach me there.

And tales of truth,
From her own lost youth,
With moral direct and strong,
Helped fashion my life
For the toil and strife,
Which she knew must come ere long.

They told of a home
Like a beautiful poem,
In cadence and rhythm complete,
Though sometimes sad
It was always glad,
And always tender and sweet.

In calm and storm
Was that hearthstone warm
In the days of auld lang syne,
For truth and trust,
As they always must,
Kept the lamp of love ashine.

Where now are the boys
Who with childish joys,
Made merry the livelong day,
And the girlie fair
With the yellow hair
And eyes of tender gray?"

"I found her there in her old arm-chair."

One left his toys,
And the gleeful noise,
To rest 'neath the willow tree,
One died in the south,
At the cannon's mouth,
One sleeps in a frozen sea.

The mother's heart,
Was riven apart,
With longing to go and to stay,
The father laid down
The cross for the crown,
The gloom for the cloudless day.

And the daughter fair,
With the golden hair
Now changed to silver white
Awaited her call
In the same old hall
Where first she saw the light.

So I left her there
In her old arm-chair,
And tears fall fast as I write,
For little I thought
As my home I sought,
That this was her last good-night.

A dreary morn
To us, earthborn,
But away on the golden street,
The angels sang
Till the heavens rang
For the circle was made complete.

Childhood.

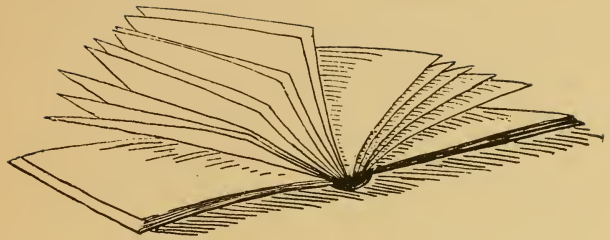
The morning breaks o'er hill and lea.
And smiles in beauty on the sea,
While shine and shadow flicker down,
On country-side and busy town,
With joy he greets the morning light,
With joy he welcomes back the night,
Rejoiced to know at set of sun
In mother's arms, that day is done.

Manhood.

Another day draws to its close,
Far in the west the sunset glows,
The calm of night is settling down,
On country-side and busy town,
And by the long hot day oppressed,
The toiler hastens home to rest.
Rejoiced to know at set of sun,
His work is o'er, his wage is won.

Age.

The night of life draws on apace,
The sunset glow is in his face,
Behind him lie the toil and pain
That he may never know again,
Rojoice ! around him softly swells
The music of the evening bells,
Rejoice ! he hears at set of sun,
The welcome of his Lord's "well done."



The Morning Lesson.

Written after attending general exercises at the Summersville Normal, June 2, 1897.

"The rich in faith," the teacher read,
That morn from the school-house stand,
And the words sank deep in a hearer's heart,
Like rain in a desert land.

A voice rose clear on the quivering air,
Like marching roll of drum,
"'Tis grace has brought us safe thus far,
And grace will lead us home."

The teacher's place will be vacant some day,
Dispersed the student bands,
The singer will sing in a heavenly choir,
In a house not made with hands.

But we all shall remember the text and the song,
Through boundless years to come,
And rejoice that faith has made us rich,
And grace has led us home.

Grandma's Lessons.

When but a little child at play,
Too young to make distinctions subtle,
I used to hear my grandma say,
The while she plied distaff or shuttle.

That words are seeds, and often spring
And bear their fruit, when they who spoke them,
Have joined the unreturning throng,
And cannot if they would, revoke them.

That time and space no kindly word,
Can from its destination sunder;
No sooner uttered than 'tis heard,
And turned to joy-bell over yonder.

She held that back comes every deed,
More sure than Belgium's homing pigeon,
And that adherence to a creed,
Is oft mistaken for religion.

And when some one esteemed a saint,
Was found in wickedness to revel,
She used to say—my grandma quaint—,
That men and water seek their level.

True hearts she'd proved, as well as heard,
Draw near when storms around us gather,
While summer friend, like summer bird,
Is sensitive to change of weather.

In vain regret at loss or wrong,
No precious time did grandma squander,
She eased her heartache with a song.
And said 'twould all come right—up yonder.

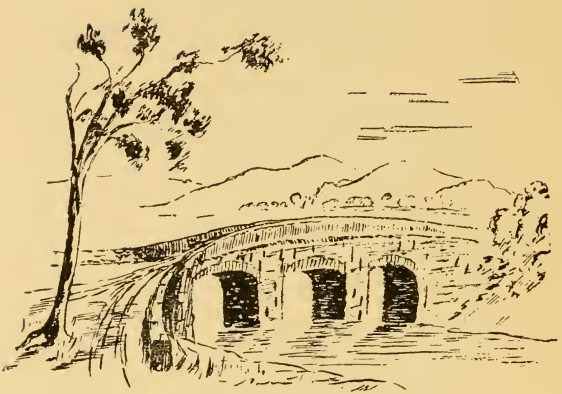
At every turn she took the right,
Nor paused to weigh the consequences,
She studied life in every light,
Through all its varied moods and tenses.

And grandma seemed to have the knack,
Of staying feet inclined to wander,
Somehow she'd often lead them back,
And point them to the way up yonder.

She was not versed in ancient lore,
Nor yet in modern erudition,
Of books she owned scarce half a score,
But still her life had its fruition.

And now, a woman growing gray
I often sit and gravely ponder,
The words I heard my grandma say,
Before she went to live up yonder.

Burned Bridges.



There's often a nugget of wisdom,
In a flippantly uttered phrase
And oft keen disapproval
Or strong and earnest praise,
And one of the grandest lessons
By all experience backed
Is couched in the simple sentence,
"Just leave your bridge intact."

We have learned from all the ages,
That effect must follow cause,
And that every ill we suffer,
Results from broken laws,
But there's ever a returning
For the sinner conscience-racked
While the road still lies behind him,
And the bridge is still intact.

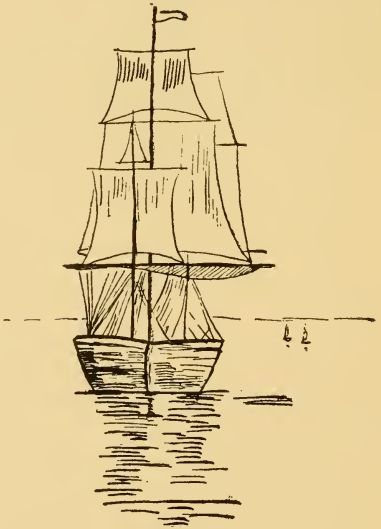
Alas, for the admonitions,
That stay not the wilful feet!
For the torch, from whose applying,
There is nevermore retreat!
God's ruth on the sorrowing millions,
Who see what they sadly lacked
Through the smoke of burning bridges
That they "might have" left intact.

Then let us, heedful of warnings
That are all about us spread,
"Be sure that our ways are righteous
Before we go ahead."
But if (since "to err is human")
We offend by word or act,
Let us remember Esau
And leave the bridge intact.

Dreams and Verities.

I launch my bark on the mystic streams,
That bear us away to the World of Dreams,
And here where Earth and Dreamland meet,
Leave aching heart and weary feet.

How pure and calm seems all around!
What music sweet in every sound!
The past as though the past were not,
The pain all gone, the grief forgot.



And now I meet with glad surprise,
Our long-gone mother's loving eyes,
Feel myself clasped to her dear breast,
A child again, at home, at rest.

I find you on our father's knee,
As in days that nevermore can be,
And hear with thrill of childish joy,
His fervent, "Bless my darling boy."

Now deep in forest glade we roam,
Where brook and sunbeam are at home,
Awhile we pause beneath the shade,
Where oft in childhood we have played.

Then comes the thought, "I thought thee dead,
Thou standest here a child instead,"
I forward spring, the visions fly,
I wake to grief with a child's glad cry.

Back, back to earth! It did but seem,
'Twas but the "mockery of a dream,"
For low must lie thy precious head,
Till seas and graves give up their dead.

O Land of Dreams, dost thou but mock
The heart that aches from many a shock?
Wast thou but sent to make us feel,
That only loss and pain are real?

Or dost thou sometimes shadow forth,
The restitution of the earth?
Else why to age do visions come
Of mother and a childhood home?

Alas, the Future must disclose
What only the All-Knowing knows,
Ours but to own, His ways are right,
To "walk by faith and not by sight."

The Grave in the Old Churchyard.

She faded away like a morning cloud,
Or a flower that blooms for a day,
And with hearts by unspeakable sorrow bowed,
We almost forgot to pray.

The sun grew strangely cold and dim,
The earth seemed darkened and marred,
And the universe gathered within the brim,
Of a grave in the old churchyard.

O grim Despair, thy cruel grasp
Sank deeper than surgeon's knife,
When she slipped away from our anguished clasp,
And this wonderful thing called life.

With bursting hearts we laid her away,
From light and beauty barred,
And there she must sleep till the judgment day,
Stirs the dust in the old churchyard.

The years roll on,—hope buddeth anew,
The "song in the night" is heard,
Again we feel a Redeemer lives,
And we read in His Holy Word.

She shall come forth in her glorious prime,
By sin nor sorrow scarred,
When she shall have slept her appointed time,
In her grave in the old churchyard.

We shall meet her again, this darling of ours,
In a fairer, happier home,
Where no serpent lurks in the beautiful bowers,
And where sorrow can never come.

But ere we may clasp her loving hand,
And the stains of earth discard,
We, too, must sleep our allotted time,
In a grave in the old churchyard.

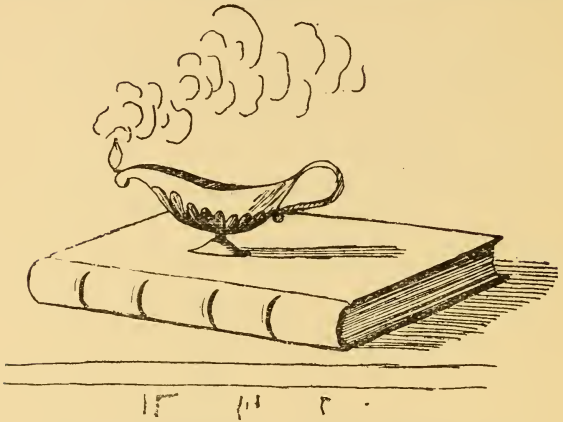
The tomb that once seemed dark and lone,
We no longer fear nor dread,
Where once a dreary cloud hung low,
A halo appears instead.

And there in safe undreaming rest,
While faithful angels guard,
We all shall sleep till Redemption's day,
Wakes the dust in the old churchyard.

And the universe gathered within the brim.
Of a grave in the old churchyard

In All Thy Ways Acknowledge Him.

(*Proverbs 3—6.*)



When conscience wakes, as conscience must,
She whispers softly, "Child of dust,
With soul immortal, for a space,
Housed in this fragile dwelling-place,
How cans't thou for one hour forget,
That God who never failed thee yet,
Or how neglect, though cares bedim
Thy path, to aye acknowledge Him?

Acknowledge Him in all thy ways,
In darkest nights, in brightest days,
In every word and deed, and plan
In dealing with thy fellow-man.
If youth her myriad gifts bestow,
If lingering in the after glow,
Though ears grow dull and eyes grow dim,
In all thy ways acknowledge Him."

And now I bend a willing ear,
A low sweet song I seem to hear,
And down the long-gone cycles ring,
The words of Israel's wisest king.
Again, I hear the deep refrain
From ransomed throng and angel train
From cherubs, saints, and seraphim,
"In all thy ways acknowledge Him."

So, when the shadows round us fall,
Deep shades that must enshroud us all,
When we have reached the farther coasts,
And stand before the Lord of Hosts,
When judgment falls on you and me,
"According as our work shall be."'
Then shall his cup with peace o'er brim
Whose ways have all acknowledged Him.

A Character of Bramble-town.

There is a man in Bramble-town,
Though not of "bramble-bush" renown,
Who deems himself most "wondrous wise,"
In pulling wool o'er people's eyes.

The Bard of Avon aptly saith,
"A goodly outside falsehood hath"
And we, who've dreamed our little dream,
Know well "things are not what they seem."

But one who lived in later day,
The old rail-splitter, by-the-way—
Was sure none could, (excuse the rhyme),
"Fool all the people, all the time."

He goes his self-applauding way,
This man of whom we treat to-day--
Assured this Footstool holds in fee,
No thaumaturgus such as he.

He walks the streets with ready smile,
The unsuspecting to beguile,
But to the worldly-wise 'tis plain
His face is like a buckwheat grain,

In church with sanctimonious face
He talks about "amazing grace,"
And offers—O astounding thought—
Lip service where the heart is not.

He spends the peaceful hours of night,
In ways that cannot bear the light,
When he some noble deed might do.
And gather balm instead of rue.

For it is "written and decreed."
So plainly, "he who runs may read."
That after all our turns and crooks
We'll have to "settle by the books."

But to the worldly-wise 'tis plain
His face is like a buckwheat grain

And so, it seems, 'twere better far,
To take the truth for guiding-star,
To *know* that nothing else can cheer,
Like answer of a conscience clear.

And when as Elohim elects,
We, one by one, "pass in our checks,"
And to that *ipse dixit* yield
Which man's deflection signed and sealed,

May we, like him of hatchet fame,
Whose fatherhood we proudly claim,
The grief of sorrowing friends dispel,
With these consoling words, "'Tis well"

The Student's Home.

["The Students' Home" was the name given to a weekly school paper edited by the students of the Summersville Normal school during the spring and summer Term of 1894.]

When "Students Home" made its *debut.*
We each essayed his best to do,
To make our paper bright and wise,
And win a journalistic prize.

And first to "Poet's Corner" came,
A stately maid with classic name,
To demonstrate with logic strong,
That e'en the humblest none should wrong.

Between the lines I clearly see.
The lesson she'd impress on me,
"Be unto others kind and true
As you'd have others be to you."

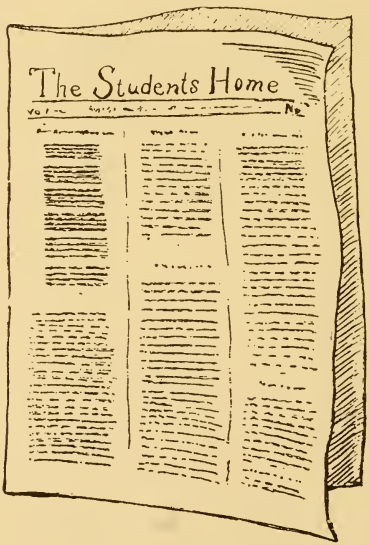
But here comes one, with lofty tread,
Who holds that man is heart and head,
And woman but an afterthought,
To fill a place before forgot.

O how he must his own self scorn,
That of a woman he was born,
From woman's bosom drew his life,
And—wants a woman for a wife.

How sad the disenchantment is,
To "minds superior"— such as his-
To find babes are not as of yore,
Sent down on sunbeams to the door.

But close behind him, tall and fair,
So trusty, brave and *debonair*
Comes one who breaks no bended reed,
The woman's friend, a "friend indeed."

Come, sister woman, join with me
In yielding honor, full and free,
To him who dares espouse our cause,
And plead for purer, juster laws.



Farseeing reasoner, souls like thine,
Are instruments in hands divine,
To bring to earth the crowning day,
When truth and justice shall hold sway.

And still they come, a varied throng,
With graceful jest and tuneful song,
And thoughts as grand as ever rung,
Old Greece's storied towers among.

And still they go, like spring time dreams,
Of budding trees, and rippling streams,
To come again in after years,
With added weight of smiles and tears.

Now comes the critic, stern and bold,
With head erect, so calm and cold,
To give his meed of praise or blame,
Unchecked by fear or favor's flame.

He too, has found the poet's lute,
He too sings on while I am mute,
The song-bird comes to every breast,
But mine can neither sing nor rest.

For I've, alas, no poet's art,
Though music's of my soul a part,
It was in vain, no muse will come,
I stand without "The Student's Home."

Written in an Album.

My Precious Child, Camilla:—

In years to come when this you see,
Remember Mother's love for thee,
For worth far more than gold or pearl,
Is a mother's love, to her darling girl.

Summersville, *Friday, Nov 20, 1896.*

Life.

(What is your life?—James 4-14.)

The hosts of earth are surging
The way of life along,
And some are full of mourning,
And some of mirth and song.

Hearts once with joy abounding
Are sick with hope deferred,
As when in deep-sea sounding,
The silent depths are stirred.

And many their tears beguiling
Still hide a rankling dart,
And many a face is smiling
Above a breaking heart.

And many a cheek is paling,
That erst was fair and bright,
And many a heart is qualing
Beneath time's withering might.

Though, one by one, succumbing,
They fall beside the way,
Still on the throngs are moving
Nor pause, nor make delay.

And still they fall around us,
Like troops to battle led,
And still 'bove notes of gladness,
Rise wailings for the dead.

And still they fall around us.

And still the ranks converging,
The unseen Power obey,
No need of lure nor urging
To hold us in the way.

The hand of God is leading,
Else could we not endure,
Where e'er we may be speeding,
His love and care are sure.

Joy Cometh in the Morning.

Psalms 30:5.

The blast must yield to the bloom of May,
The shades of night to approaching day,
The night-hawk's cry to the roundelay,
And with love our brows adorning,
We shall stand at last by His good grace,
With enraptured heart, and ecstatic face,
On the holy hill, in the holy place,
In the glow of a glad new morning.

JUL 11 1904

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